

[Mrs. Robt. Lindsey]

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[Life history?]

Phipps, Woody

Rangelore,

Tarrant Co., Dist. #7 [111?]

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Mrs. Robt. Lindsey, 59, was born on her father's ranch near Blum, Texas. While her father acted as foreman on the Blum Ranch, she and her brothers and sisters operated the ranch. The brothers worked with the cattle while she and her sisters took care of the ranch house. Her father took the family his father's ranch in San Saba, Texas, when she was about 12 Yrs. old. While living with her grandfather, a mob of ranchers sought to control the Co., and force other ranchers to leave. This reign of terror went on for a number of Yrs., and was still active after she married Robt. Lindsey, a cowboy, and left the co. to live with him. After their marriage, they spent the most of their life in various cities and occupations and now operate the Donna Hotel at 1014 1/2 Main St., Ft. Worth, Texas. Her story:

"I was born on my father's ranch, on Oct. 20, 1882. His ranch wasn't so large, but he was a foreman for the big Blum ranch next to our's. Since I saw most of my range life from between pots and pans in the kitchen, I can't tell much about riding wild horses, steers,

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and so on. You see, my mother died shortly after my birth, and just as soon as I was able to help in the kitchen, that's where I stayed the rest of my life.

"From time to time, I've spent a short visit with different relatives who still run ranches, and Mrs. Poorman, who owns the old Whittenburg Ranch in Edwards Co., has a modern home with tile bath, hot and cold running water in the kitchen and bath, Starr gas for heat, a large store of canned goods, and every convenience that money can buy.

"My running water, I had to fetch from a running branch near the house, and every time I brought water up, I had to carry a few sticks of kindling. Instead of opening a neat package of lard, I had to render our's in a big kettle on the fire-place. [??????] 2 We had better meat, alright, than the store meat, because when we needed beef, we killed one. What is, the boys would kill it. We grew our own hogs for our hams and bacons, and that was far better than the kind you buy now too. While it was better, we were always working and never had a moment's time we could call our own. No radios, light plants, automobiles, nor any other convenience possible nowadays. It's hard for a girl now to see just what a hard time we did have. But of course, we didn't realize that we were having a hard time. We just went ahead and worked, and that was all there was to it.

"I always envied my brothers because they got to ride horses and ride around outside. Why, they'd ride them before they were five years old, and made pretty good cowboys by the time they were seven and eight.

"There were still a few Indians around when I was just a small tot, and we'd see them sometimes after dark, snooping around over the place, looking for something to steal. They were bad to steal horses, and caused my brothers no end of trouble about them. They'd hide the horses in different places, and when the Indians found them, why, they wouldn't leave a horse for my brothers to ride. Then they'd have to walk over to the Blum Ranch, where my dad would give them four or five more, bawl them out for not taking care of them, then tell them to hide the horses better. I don't know whether dad had to pay for

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them or not, but I don't believe he did because the Blum people had a big wild horse herd on their property, which the cowboys kept pretty well broke up as they needed more.

“From time to time, the boys had a little trouble with rustlers running off a few head, and they had several stampedes too, 3 but I couldn't give you a description of it now because I wasn't on the spot and it's been so long ago.

We moved off the old ranch when I was around 12 years old, and went to San Saba county to live with my grand parents. They operated a small ranch, but it was one of the best grassed and watered places around that part of the country. That made it valuable, and several ranchers were always deviling grandfather to sell out. He wouldn't do it because that was his home, and if he sold it, he wouldn't have a home.

“That was one of the reasons a bunch of men bunched up and tried to run other ranchers out of the county. They called that gang 'The Mob.' It was always hard for me to understand just why they'd do the things they did. Why, they killed Shorty Brown, my grandmothers' brother, after they'd told him to leave and he wouldn't. The whole county turned out to hunt him when he come up missing, and they found him hung to a tree in his pasture by the creek.

“His son inherited the ranch, and they sent him notices to leave, but he wouldn't leave either. I saw these man ride by lots of times. You know, I'd be down on the creek, and they'd ride by on the other side of some timber. As long on nobody was looking at them, they didn't wear a mask, and I recognized several men, that were big ranchers, prominent men in the county. That was why I never could understand, because the men would be so prominent, and yet be so mean. Why, two different sheriffs, one by the name of Hawkins, and the other Atkinson, were the leaders of the 'Mob.'

“They sent my grandfather notice after notice, but he wouldn't bluff. I saw several of the notices, and they'd have a crude scaffold drawn on them. 4 “They killed old Hartman's son over some little something or other, and buried him In the sand. The Hartmans lived about

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three fourths of a mile from us, and we'd go down there real often to see how they were getting along. If we went at night, they'd never have a light because they were afraid some of the gang would sneak up and shoot one of them through the window.

“One day, when all of the family was going home from church, and had just gotten out, a shot just missed Shorty Brown's son. That was how bold they were, and once when my dad was in a hospital at Brownwood, two men came in and chatted with dad. After they left, he motioned me to him, and told me that they were members of the ' Mob.' Their names were Sam Sparks at Algeria, and a man by the name of Hudson who lived near dad. He promised me that some day he'd tell me the whole story about the 'Mob,' but he died before he got to it.

“While I was in Brownwood with dad, I met a cowboy and married him. His name was Robert Lindsey. We've lived together ever since, but we haven't stayed for very long on a ranch since we married. We tried to run a stock farm near Brownwood not long ago, but it didn't pay, so we came to Fort Worth and are now running the Donna Hotel here.